NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1884.

Historic Close Votes.

The Democrats are having a great jamboree over New York, as though the fact of a close vote were an extraordinary phenomenon and meant all sorts of riotous and extreme consequences. Close votes are nothing new in this country. Mr. Hendricks, who is one of the loudest shouters in the present instance, knows that well enough. Or, if he does not, he need go no further than to the Gubernatorial vote of Indiana in 1872 in order to refresh his memory. He was elected Governor of Indiana that year by a plurality of only 1,148 votes, and yet the Capitol was not overturned nor did the heavens fall.

The idea that there must be a row because a State or National vote is close is wholly Bourbonese, unworthy any party or set of men. The situation of affairs in New York has frequent parallels in the experience of the past, but there was an entirely peaceable and lawful settlement of the interests at issue and no one ever thought of stirring up an insurrection or clamoring fraud against the properly constituted arbitrators of the vote.

As early as 1824, in the contest between Adams and Jackson, there was a difference of only 109 in Maryland's vote on these two candidates, in favor of Adams, but it did not occur to Old Hickory to incite his minority to sack the cities and tear up the soil of Maryland. Four years later that State voted on these same candidates, and though there were nearly 25,000 additional votes divided between them, Adams still led by 1,181. In 1832, when Clay and Jackson were the rival candidates, Delaware gave Clay but 166 more votes than Jackson got, and in Maryland there was an actual difference of only four votes, Clay getting 19,160 and Jackson 19,156.

This is a healthful precedent for Mr. Hendricks to look to, remembering that his party prototype did not therefore demand the execution of the Maryland tribunal. The vote in New Jersey that year stood Clay 23,392, Jackson 23,856, a trifling yet all-important difference of 464 votes. In 1836 when Harrison and Van Buren were the petitioners of suffrage, there was a difference in Connecticut of only 768 votes, in Louisiana of 270, in Mississippi of 201, and in New Jersey of 545.

In 1840, when Harrison ran against Van Buren, there was a difference in the vote in Maine of only 411, in Michigan of 1,835, in Pennsylvania of 1,345, in a total vote of 287,097, and in Virginia of 1,302. Between Clay and Polk in 1844 there were differences in Louisiana of 701 votes, in New Jersey 823, and in Tennessee, Polk's home, Clay led him by just 113 votes. In 1848 between Tayler and Cass, the difference between the votes for the two was, in Alabama 981, in Delaware 523, in Iowa 1,009, in Mississippi 615, and in Virginia 1,462.

The race of Pierce against Scott in 1852 was correspondingly close in some states, the advantage being in Delaware only 25 votes, in Louisiana 1,392, in North Carolina 686, and in Tennessee 1,880. In the memorable and remarkable contest of 1860 Lincoln only had 657 votes the better of Douglas in California. In 1864 McClellan got only 612 more votes than Lincoln in Delaware. In California in 1868 Grant received but 506 more votes than Seymour, and in Oregon but 164 majority. In 1872 again between Greeley and Grant, Delaware held her party votes within 909 of each other.—*Inter Ocean.*

Historic Ground Sold.

Harper's Ferry' of historic fame, has been sold for the sum of $32,110, a mere song, when it is considered what a fine piece of property it is, and more especially when all that makes the place memorable is called to mind,

As far back as 1794 it was selected as a place for the location of the National Armory, and with Washington's approval the Government bought 25,000 acres of land and the splendid water power of the Potomac at this point. Shops were erected and the manufacture of arms was begun for the supply of the army.

Later on, John Brown made the place prominent by the attempt to gain possession of the arsenal with its 100,000 stand of arms, preparatory to his contemplated arousing of the blacks in Virginia. Everybody is familiar with the story of this grand, but futile effort from its very inception, effort to start a revolt among the slaves which would lead to their freedom all over the country.

Then came the breaking out of the rebellion and the movement of the secessionist Governor of Virginia to gain possession of this important point, a movement in the main successful for though the force sent against it was too strong for the commandant to resist, and he retired after setting fire to the buildings and hauling away some of the most valuable of the machinery, yet there was considerable left which the rebels removed to Richmond, while they established a camp at Harper's Ferry and concentrated between two and three thousand troops there,

After this there was more or less fighting and fluctuation of movement around the place. It was evacuated when Gen. Patterson crossed into the Valley, when the battle of Bull Run was fought re-occupied by the rebels after the defeat, and held by them until Banks moved, in March, 1862, toward Richmond. Gen. Lee recaptured it and took nearly the whole garrison of 12,000 men, with a large amount of arms and stores. From this time until the close of the war it had varying fortunes, and in the small fights that took place in and around it, the place suffered materially.

It is a great pity that the Government has allowed it to pass out of his hands. With its grand location, its magnificent natural surroundings, its historic associations, it was property that should have belonged to the Nation. Instead of that it has been sold for a paltry sum by a Democratic Congress and will now be used as a site for car shops and a paper mill.—*Toledo Blade.*

FITZ JOHN PORTER AN AERONAUT.

How he Made an Ascension During the War and how he Came Down.

Ben Perly Poor.

President Lincoln was much interested in the account of a perilous balloon ascension by General Fitz John Porter on the 11th of April, 1862, near Yorktown, Va. About 5 o'clock in the morning he stepped into the car of Professor Lowe's balloon, to go up and make a reconnoisance, then to be pulled back to terro firma. He supposed that the usual number of ropes were attached to it whereas there was only one, and a place in this, it was afterwards ascertained, had been burned by vitrol, used in generating the gas. Taking his seat in the car, unaccompanied by any one, the rope was let out to nearly its full length—the length was about 900 yards—when suddenly snap went the cord, and up went the balloon. This was an unexpected part of the programme. The men below looked up with astonishment, and the General looked down with equal bewilderment.

"Open the valve," shouted one of the men below.

"I'll manage it," responped the General.

Up went the balloon, higher, higher. It rose with great rapidity. Its huge form lessened as it mounted into the regions of the upper air. It became a speck in the sky. The wind was taking it in the direction of the enemy's territory. By this time every staff officer and hundreds of others, were looking at the moving speck. It is impossible to describe the anxiety felt and expressed for the fate of him, the central object of thought in that far away moving speck, every moment becoming less visible. It seemed to move toward the Union army, and countenances then brightened with hope. It passed over the heads of the Union men. Soon it began to descend, but with a rapidity that aroused renewed apprehension. Quickly a squad of cavalry plunged spurs into their horses and dashed away in the direction of the descending balloon.

The rest of the story is as received from the General's own lips. While the rope was being played out he adjusted his glass, in readiness for his proposed view of the enemy's territory. A sudden bound of the balloon told him in a moment that the rope had given away. He dropped the glass, heard the call "open the valve," made the response given above, and set about looking for the valve. He was sensible of being flighty (the General loves a pun as well as the next one), but was not at all nervous. He saw the wind had taken him over the line of the rebel entrenchments. Having no wish to drop in among them, he let the valve take care of itself, and proceeded to take advantage of his position to note the aspect of the rebel objects below. Crowds of soldiers rushed from the woods, and he heard their shouts distinctly. Luckily, he was above the reach of their bullets, so he was not afraid on this score.

The map of the country was distinctly discernable. He saw Yorktown and its works, York river and its windings, and Norfolk and its smoky chimneys. A counter current of air struck the baloon, and its course was reversed. Its retreat from over rebeldom was rapid. He could not say how fast he came down, but it was with a rapidity he would not care to have repeated. The car struck the top of a shelter tent, under which, luckily, no one happened to be at the time, knocked the tent into pi, and left him enveloped in a mass of collapsed oil silk. He crawled out and found himself in the middle of a camp, not 100 yards from General McClellan's headquarters.

Peace to the Ashes.

I suppose this is a sad subject, but after all there is a great deal of imagination about mourning and funerals, During the war of the rebellion a gallant young officer was killed at some outlying station. His body was carefully embalmed and put in a casket While the commandant of the station was waiting for instructions as to its being forwarded to the man's home, he had it placed in a rough wooden box and laid away amongst the lumber. At length an order was received to send it on, and the box was duly dispatched with all military honors. It reached its destination. The dead man's friends took charge of it, and with the most solemn of ceremonies it was placed in the grave. Some months afterwards they were clearing out the lumber room of this military station and they came upon a box containing an elegant casket. It was the body of the gallant officer, and in some village graveyard, under a mound on which violets and roses bloom and where the shadows dance fantastically all day long, lies a box of government stovepipes, with a gravestone at its head, on which is carved a touching passage from the Scriptures.—"*Undertones*" *San Francisco Chronicle.*

When a Puppy Becomes a Dog.

A recent dispatch says that the Board of Aldermen, Mayor and Judge of Columbia, S. C., were all broken up over the legal question as to when a puppy becomes a dog. Judge Snell, of the Washington Police Court, cut the Gordian knot to-day by deciding that a puppy becomes a dog at the age of 1 year. This question came up in the case of an aged colored man charged with the crime of keeping a dog without paying a license. The aged colored man pleaded that he did not keep a dog—it was only a puppy six months old. The judge decided that the law imposed a tax on dogs but was silent as to puppies. He knew, from a long experience as a fancier of dogs, that a puppy did not become a dog until he was one year old, and therefore he would discharge the defendant. The venerable darkey, his face radiant with victorious smiles, retired from the court room, holding a section of clothes line, at the other end of which dangled the vindicated puppy.—*Baltimore Herald.*

Examinations of Teachers.

Meetings of the Board of School Examiners of Cheboygan county, for the purpose of examining persons proposing to teach in the schools of the county will be held during the current year as follows.

Regular Examinations.

At Cheboygan, Oct., 31, 1884, and March 29, 1885.

Special Examinations.

At Indian River, September 26, 1884; Wolverine, April 26, 1885; Cheboygan, August 30, 1885 Examinations will commence promptly at 9 o'clock.

Dated August 26, 1884.

F. SHEPHERD, Secretary.